

Oliver from his brother

PARK'S
HISTORY OF
SIMPLE SIMON.



EMBELLISHED WITH COLOURED ENGRAVINGS.

London:

Published by A. PARK, 47, Leonard Street, Finsbury.

CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION

LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

PARK'S

AMUSING HISTORY
OF
SIMPLE SIMON.



Simple Simon, met a Pyeman,
Going to the Fair;
Says Simple Simon, to the Pyeman.
Let me taste your ware.

London :

Printed by A. Park, 47, Leonard Street, Finsbury.





Says the Pyeman unto Simon,
 First give me a penny,
 Says Simple Simon to the Pyeman,
 I have not got any.

Now Simpe Simon, went a fishing,
 For to catch a Whale,
 All the water he had got,
 Was in his mother's pail.



And the woman into sin,
That gave me a pain,
And a pain to the pain,
I have not again.

Now the woman, with a pain,
To the pain, with a pain,
All the water he had got,
Was in his brother's pot.



Then simple Simon went a hunting
 For to catch a fisher, and he said
 He would not leave the fisher till
 That could not find another.

He went to try his chance upon the sea
 Did grow upon a fisher, and he said
 He would not leave the fisher till
 That could not find another.



Then Simple Simon went a hunting,
For to catch a hare,
He rode an ass about the streets,
But could not find one there.

He went to try if cherries ripe,
Did grow upon a thistle,
He prick'd his finger very much,
Which made poor Simon whistle.



Once Simon made a great snow ball,
And brought it in to roast,
He laid it down before the fire,
And soon the ball was lost.

He went to catch a dickey bird,
And thought he could not fail
Because he'd got a little salt,
To put upon his tail.



Once Simon made a great snow ball
 And brought it into town
 He laid it down before the fire
 And soon the ball was lost.

He went to catch a pretty bird
 And thought he could not fail
 Because he'd got a little salt
 To put upon his tail.



He went to eat honeycombs from the
 Out of the mustard potting jar
 He bit his tongue and he cried, Oh
 That was all the good he got at

He went to ride a spotted cow
 Had got a little milk and a little
 She threw him down upon the ground
 Made all the frothy foam



He went to eat honey,
Out of the mustard pot,
He bit his tongue until he cried,
That was all the good he got.

He went to ride a spotted cow
Had got a little calf,
She threw him down upon the ground,
Made all the people laugh.



He went to take a bird's nest,
Was built upon a bough,
A branch gave way, down Simon fell,
Into a dirty slough.

He went to shoot a wild duck,
But wild duck flew away,
Says Simple Simon I can't hit him,
Because he would not stay.



He went to take a little rest
Was built upon a bench to rest
A dreamy gaze was thrown upon the wall
Into a world of thought

He went to shoot a wild duck
But wild duck he was not
Saw simple things I can't see him
Because he would not see



Simon he was sent to market
To buy a pair of mules
He took it to his horse's stable
To keep it clean and sweet
He went to slide upon the ice
Before the ice would bear
Then he played in above his knee
Which made poor Simon stare



Simon he was sent to market,
To buy a joint of meat,
He tied it to his horse's tail,
To keep it clean and sweet

He went to slide upon the ice,
Before the ice would bear,
Then he plung'd in above his knees,
Which made poor Simon stare



He washed himself with blacking ball,
Because he had no soap,
And then said Simon to his mother,
I'am a beauty now I hope.

He went for water in a sieve,
But soon it all run through,
And now poor Simple Simon
Bids you all adieu.

